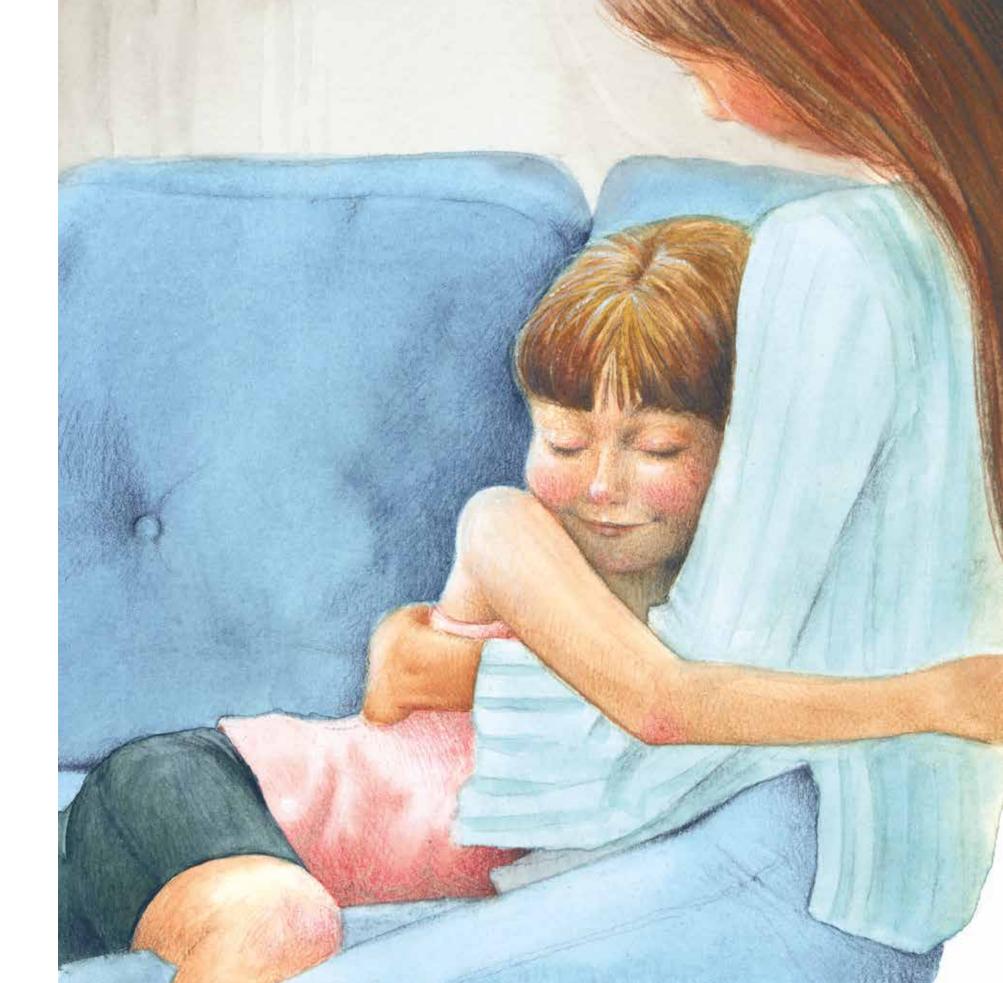
When I have a big secret I tell my parents or my Aunt Lesley. When I have a tiny kid secret, sometimes I say nothing.





When I have a sneaky secret —about what happened to my broccoli— I share it with my dog Malcolm, who grins and licks his lips.





